

the third mate, and in ten minutes the boat was away, pulling through one of the narrow channels in the reef, so as to get to the *Leeuwarden* from seaward. As he came within hailing distance the shipwrecked people gave a cheer, and Schouten, watching his chance, ran along the working, straining deck, and gained the mizzen rigging. He called out to Lugard and warned him not to attempt to come alongside, as the ship was lying amongst a lot of rocks, whose black, jagged teeth revealed themselves in the dim moonlight every now and then as the combing seas tore past the barque to fall into the smooth water on the inner side of the reef.

"Ay, ay, I can see that, Schouten. But I can come close up under your stern, and you must let your people jump overboard one by one. Stand by and catch this line. Make it fast to the weather rail, so that I can haul in on it as soon as you are ready. Then I'll heave you a light line for any one who can't swim. Hurry up, for God's sake! There's no time to lose."

The Dutchman, who was as calm and imperturbable as usual, quickly made the line fast and then went for'ard again. He spoke a few words in Dutch to the officers and crew, and then turned to Wray, who was seated on the deck with Ida Lathom's head pillowed against his shoulder. Her slight figure was covered with a seaman's oilskin coat to shield her from the drenching spray which every now and then flew over her and her companions.

"Mr. Thompson, dot goot, prave yentleman Captain Lugardt haf now coom to take us away. Vill you und der poor leedle lady coom first. She may have to joomp into der vater, but Captain Lugardt is a fine zailor man, und she need haf no fear."